

Lillian M. Nyas



1935

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The Bugle

Published by the Class of

1935

"Carpe Diem"



Newton High School



Newton Connecticut

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With sincere appreciation
We, the Class of nineteen thirty-five,
Respectfully dedicate this issue of "The Bugle" to
Mr. Frank W. Knight
Who has faithfully served us as a supervisor.



BOARD OF EDITORS

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DORIS MERCER

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The Faculty

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
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| Miss Margaret L. McCarthy | Biology and Eighth Grade |
| Miss Catherine M. Kroha | Seventh Grade |

*Best of Luck
Best Wishes for Success*

Irving Henry Arnold*"It's clever, but is it art?"*

Baseball, '34-'35

Art Editor of Year Book, '35


Irving H. Arnold
**Elsie Ruth Bradbury***"El"**"Content to follow when we lead the way."*

Dancing Club, '31-'32

Glee Club '33-'35

*Best Wishes Lillian
Elsie Bradbury.*
Francis Julius Bresson*"Frannie"**"A short saying often contains much wisdom."*

Nature Club, '30

Science Club, '31

Mathematics Club, '32

Soccer, '31





Betty Burr

"Bett"

"Knowledge is a power."

President Junior Class, '33-'34

Chairman Social Activities, '35

Assistant Business Mgr. Year Book, '35

Secretary-Treasurer A. A., '35

Glee Club, '33-'35

Dancing Club, '32-'33

George Leslie Erb

"Butch"

"There's too much beauty on this earth for lonely men to bear."

Vice-President of Class, '35

Business Manager of the Year Book, '35

Basketball, '34-'35



Anna Gomberg

"Gombie" "Anne"

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world."

Basketball, '31-'35

Captain Basketball, '34-'35

Glee Club, '31-'35

Dancing Club '31-'32

Anna Gomberg

Jerome Max Goosman*"Jerry"**"I have ever loved to repose myself."*

Aviation Club, '30-'31

Math Club, '31-'32

Science Club, '32-'33

Soccer, '30-'34

**Myrtle Adeline Ingraham***"Mert"**"The Highest and the Best."*

Glee Club, '34-'35

Assistant Editor Year Book, '33-'35

President Senior Class, '34-'35

Basketball, '34-'35

*Sincerely
Myrtle Ingraham*

Carolyn Anna Kelcec*"Carry"**"Look, you; I am the most concerned in my own
interests."*

Glee Club, '31-'33



*Sincerely
"Carry"*

Ruth Marie Leibold

"Ruthie"

"Veracity is the heart of morality."

Basketball, '33-'35

Dancing Club, '31

Glee Club, '32-'35



John William Liebold

"Bud"

"I would help others out of a fellow feeling."

Basketball, '34-'35

Mathematics Club, '32

Glee Club, '33-'35



Doris Lucille Mercer

"Dodo" "Betty" "Dory"

"I won't bulge an inch!"

Nursing Club, '32-'33

Glee Club, '33-'35

Second Prize Morris Essay '34

Basketball, '32-'34

Editor Year Book, '34-'35

Charles Albert Mercer*"Charlie"**"He had a startling genius but somehow it didn't emerge."*

Assistant Business Manager, '34

Basketball, '33-'35

President A. A., '34-'35

Glee Club, '34

Baseball, '3

**Grace Maxine Murphy***"Grace"**"Blushing is the color of virtue"*

Dramatic Club

Glee Club, '31-'35

Secretary Junior Class, '33-'34

**Rose Marie Pallocovitch***"Polly"**"A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power."*

Basketball, '

Dancing Club, '3

Glee Club, '3

Class Secretary, '34-'35



Eric Oscar Person

"Silence never betrays you."

Baseball, '3
Soccer, '31-
Basketball,
Science Club, '27-'33
Nature Club, '30-'31
Math Club, '31-'32



Julius Rosenberg

"Rosey"

"They say those who are a little too wise do we're live long."

Baseball, '34-'35
Math Club, '32
Science Club, '31
Aviation Club, '31



Clara Augustus Ruffles

"Clara"

"Is not true leisure one with true toil"

Dancing Club, '
Mathematics Club, '32-'33
Glee Club, '33-'35
Class Treasurer, '33
Assistant Business Manager of Year Book, '34-'35



Helen Theresa Soltis*'Helen'**"Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."*

Class Treasurer, '30-'31

Nature Club, '31

Dramatic Club, '31

Glee Club, '31

**John N. Williams***'Johnnie'**"I think not that thy word and thoue alone is right."*

Basketball, '35

Baseball, '34-'35

**Elizabeth Irene Young***'Betty'**"Holla Sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."*

Secretary Sophomore Class

Basketball, '32

-President Junior Class, '33-'34

Glee Club, '31

Dramatic Club, '31

Baseball, '31





THE SENIORS

Didn't you know we were Seniors?

Well that's just it. Nobody realized it until now and so here we are staring nonchalant at you. Four years we have labored and toiled with our noses to the grindstones. Now by the sweat of our brows we have succeeded in appearing, at least, industrious. Now we must again come down to earth and into the sphere of human activity. We trust that our officers, Myrtle Ingraham, George Erb, Rose Pallocovitch and Clara Rulofs, may be as successful in leading others as they have been in leading us.



THE JUNIORS

Departing from the usual routine, we are allowing our readers to do a little guessing. Can you find our class officers? Well, they're in their customary places—second row center.

The rest of us are just plain ordinary, every day Juniors whose only ambition is to pester our teachers and look forward to the privileged position of Seniors.



SOPHOMORES

A mighty class with numbers large,
 Into Room 7 this fall did barge.
 We tackled Caesar and Brutus, too,
 And for a loss geometry threw.

With heads held high and numbers strong,
 The path of knowledge we'll go along.
 In '37 with all its glory
 We'll hope we're left to tell the story.

Everyone says they
are



THE FRESHMEN

Forty-eight small Freshmen green,
On September fifth were seen.

Forty-seven small Freshmen gay—
Thanksgiving vacation for a day.

Forty-six small Freshmen blue—
"Midyears lie ahead of you."

Forty-four Freshmen in May—
"How many will drop beside the way."

—Anne Hillhouse.

Frank [Paging] [unintelligible]

unna [unintelligible]

Francis [unintelligible]



WAITING

Huge, icy snowflakes swirled in tiny whirlpools before young Mrs. Roberts' eyes as she gazed disconsolately out of one of the windows of her small cottage. The cold, gray expanse which met her glance wherever she turned made Mrs. Roberts shudder and draw her sweater more tightly about her dainty gingham-clad body. She was a fresh complexioned, blond, young woman of about twenty-five who still had a youthful air of eagerness which at once made her appealing. But on this winter's day the expression of eagerness was replaced by tiny wrinkles which puckered her forehead. She twisted her fingers nervously. Joey, her small son, was sick in bed with a cold and her husband, **Jim, was working in the next town. How Mrs. Roberts wished Jim would come home.** What if Joey got worse? What could she do, isolated in the small cottage two miles from the nearest neighbor with a storm raging outside? She felt an empty sensation of fear creeping over her, but, with a courageous and resolute manner, shook it off. She went bravely into the kitchen to prepare dinner. How silent the house was! Jim was not there to call cheerfully, "Is dinner ready yet, Mary?" or to crackle his newspaper, in search for the comic sheets. Not even the peaceful sounds of the dog's heavy breathing broke the chilled emptiness, for he had gone with Jim. A strange, ominous feeling had seized Mrs. Roberts today, probably brought on by the dismal shrill cry of the wind and the dull, continuous thud of the shutters. No friendly, human sound greeted Mrs. Roberts. Several times she felt as if huge eyes were boring into her back and whirled about only to be greeted by the blank doorway and heavy silence. Her imagination, keyed to a high tension, preyed upon her senses. Any minute sound was amplified to **frightening proportions.**

After preparing dinner, she took a tray up to Joey, who was sleeping. The stairs creaked and the sound echoed in the empty rooms. The sight of the curly-headed blond boy cheered her some, but the rasping, clogged sound of his breathing worried her. She returned to eat her own lonely meal in the kitchen. The food was dry and tasteless to her as it passed down her tense throat. The cheerful bravado which she had displayed to Jim when he had left two days ago gradually faded in the nerve-wracking loneliness and isolation of the ensuing days and nights, for it was her first experience alone in the house.

Suddenly a sharp, dry sound reached her ears. "Could it be the wind?" Mrs. Roberts asked herself. Then, terrified, she realized it was Joey. She sped up the stairs. Suppose Joey was worse. She breathed a huge sigh of relief when he announced that all he wanted was a drink of water. Oh would Jim never come! Why? Oh why did he ever go? She sat down near Joey's bed, overcome by loneliness. "Well, Jim promised to be home today," Mrs. Roberts told herself, to calm her nerves. At that moment a great gust of wind enveloped the house. Every shutter banged, and over her head, she heard a door slam in the attic. It was the last straw. Mrs. Roberts' nerves gave way and she sat in a paralyzed silence, every muscle tense, hardly breathing. She felt cold all over. The minutes passed slowly.

Suddenly, as if sent by a guardian angel, a cheerful tinkling was heard in the distance. Mrs. Roberts' heart leaped expectantly. Could it be he? Soon a pleasant stamping of horses feet was heard in the drive and shortly steps scurried on the porch. Every muscle and nerve of Mrs. Roberts' body was released in one spasm of relief. She sprang from her chair and fairly leaped down the stairs. Her boy was foundless. There was Jim shaking snow off his coat in the hall-way. She ran toward him and flung her arms around his neck with a cry of relief.

Happily she poured out her tale of her loneliness and fright to Jim, who after kissing her, passed off her story in a gruff manner, saying jokingly, "Just like a woman." Then he hurried up to see Joey.

"Just like a woman, humph," said Mrs. Roberts, but her heart was light, for Jim was home.

—Myrtle Ingraham.



A WIFE AND THREE KIDS

"Hot Car" Hannigan, a bald-headed, beetle-browed, bat-eared "pug", with a cigar stuck between his thick lips, sat in his improvised office on the lot of the "Hannigan Big Bargain Used Car Bazaar", his feet on the desk, brow wrinkled, soul in disgust, and business terrible. Mr. Hannigan mused on the possibility of becoming strictly legitimate. His record and reputation in the used car "racket" were as crooked as a dog's hind leg. At present he was under investigation for being somewhat careless in buying cars from gentlemen who, in turn, were somewhat careless in appropriating them.

Suddenly "Hot Car's" feet left the desk and hit the floor with a thud. He had caught sight of a well-dressed man of about thirty-five, heavily built, with protruding chin and forehead, examining his stock. He bounced out of his office and approached his prospect.

"Ain't she a dandy?" asked Mr. Hannigan.

"Magnificent," said the newcomer sardonically. "What is it?"

"What d'yer mean, what is it?" sputtered "Hot Car".

"It's parents must have been rather careless. It looks half Lincoln and half Cadillac", replied the dapper customer.

"I guess you never saw a foreign car before?"

"Whether it was spawned in Hong Kong or Hoboken doesn't interest me. Will it run?" curtly retorted he of the bold jaw.

"Will it run? Say wise guy, what d'yer think I got here, a junk yard?" Mr. Hannigan demanded indignantly.

"I want to go places without stopping at every garage en route."

"Listen, Mister," said "Hot Car" changing to wheedling confidential tones which he reserved for the best prospects, "the motor in this baby purrs like a well-fed cat."

"I hate cats," said the breezy prospect.

"Do you want a real good bargain?"

"Good bargains are no good. There's always something wrong."

"Will you please take a look at that beauty over there? If you want a flashy car for a flashy fellow, why this is the boat to buy."

The prospect walked over to the Sport Model Straight Eight Stutz. It was the latest model, appeared brand new and had enough shiny nickel and fancy gadgets to outfit the Leviathan—everything but an inlaid bath tub.

"This looks like a car to me," said the prospect, his eyes opening with pleasure.

"I thought you'd like it," beamed "Hot Car". "Now listen. You look like a bright boy, the sort of a guy a man can talk good turkey to. Here's the dope. This car has no mystified. It was brought here three days ago by a young lad I ain't never seen before. He was all excited and told me that he was the black sheep of a good family and had got in debt with some gamblers and had to sell his car or get put on the spot."

"So you just gave him a five dollar gold piece and took the car as a favor, eh?" queried the stranger.

"Don't be silly. I admit I got it for a song, but you can't buy the gas tank top for a 'five'. Now, listen brother, whatever I gave the guy

is my business, see! New she sells for \$1500 and in the Blue Book she's rated at the end of a year for \$1550. She's only two months old, but for eight centuries I'm giving her away—to you." Mr. Hannigan beamed his best smile, threw out his chest and looked as though he were delivering the United States Treasury parcel post prepaid.

"I hope it has a motor in it," drawled the pugnacious looking prospect, sticking a villainous looking cigar in his mouth.

"You should kid a feller who is trying to give you a bargain," complained "Hot Car".

The stranger raised the hood and examined the motor number. Then he whistled meaningly.

"Just as I suspected."

"Just as you wh-what?" demanded "Hot Car".

"So you were going to give me a bargain?"

"Say," blurted "Hot Car", "what's biting you?"

The stranger snapped back his coat and gave the dumbfounded, amazed, and wholly frightened Hannigan a flash at a police badge.

"This car was stolen and you know it. You are under arrest. Looks like I win that bet I made with Inspector Maguire about getting the goods on you, Hannigan. A little trip up the river this fall, will cure you of handling 'hot cars'."

"Say, listen Mister, honest Mister, I don't know who da guy was. He just left it here on a 50 per cent basis, honest Mister. That is the whole truth."

Hannigan had an inspiration. "Gee, Mister, you wouldn't send a guy up the river with a wife and three kids to support, now would you?" His voice pleaded desperately.

"A wife and three kids, huh?" repeated the stranger. "Well, I haven't any sympathy for you but I will consider the wife and three kids; I have a wife and three kids myself."

Seeing that the "dick" was soft hearted, Hannigan pleaded in a terrified voice. "Take the car, inspector, and say you found it in any old alley downtown?"

"Well, I could do that, but let this be a lesson to you and remember the wife and three kids, Hannigan, and go straight."

The stranger drove out of the lot into Westchester Avenue and headed west.

"A wife and three kids," he mused. "Imagine me with a wife and three kids."

"A swell chariot," he thought. "I should make the World's Fair in two days. I wonder who owned it?"

Back on the used car lot, Mr. "Hot Car" Hannigan, a bit sadder, but a bit wiser, was in a mellow mood.

"A wife and three kids," he mused. "Imagine me with a wife and three kids."

—Julius Rosenberg.

CHANCE

"What is this world after all, but a lot of struggling, trials, and tribulations?" thought Miriam Carson as she absently thumbed the pages of the tattered and soiled telephone directory. "Shall I call Madame Clegg to see if that job is still open? Might just as well because tomorrow the telephone will be taken out and I will have to pay for every call I make at the pay station."

"Hey, Mom, where's tha' peni't butter? I wanta samwich 'cause I'm awful hungry," stated Frank Carson, Miriam's freckled-faced, pug-nosed offspring.

"Now listen, Frankie, I'd give it to you if we had some but Jerry ate the last of it this morning. You'll have to wait until—until—"

"I 'spose until you get a job," mumbled the discontented man of the house.

Miriam was trying to keep back the big lump that arose in her throat. Oh, why, why couldn't she find a job? Any kind of a job as long as it brought in a little money to pay for the rent and buy a few meager groceries. At least for the kids' sake. They mustn't starve!

She arose with sagging shoulders and tried to summon a faint smile to her ashen lips and act more cheerfully.

"We'll find something—we've got to find something," she declared fiercely, half-musing aloud. "I'm afraid you'll have to make this one on your own, Sonny, it's all we've got now—but we'll be living again soon—as soon as Mother gets a job," Miriam added hesitantly.

"Beachwood 4-3732. Hello? Madame Clegg's Beauty Salon? Could I please speak to Madame?" inquired Miriam, once more hopeful at the prospects of a job. "I want to ask about that job she offered.—What? It's taken?" she cried, rising despair in her voice. "Oh! I see, well, thank you." Her voice was dull and expressionless, reflecting the hopelessness that overcame her. She placed the receiver back on the hook with a spiritless motion—an acceptance of her utter defeat and discouragement. Leaning back, she sighed wearily. "That's one more to add to my list of failures." Her eyes wandered about the dismal living room. The battered hand clock ticked off the minutes indifferently. The grimy curtains waved as a slight breeze wafted through the open window bringing with it the odor, that sickening odor, of Mrs. O'Hara's corned beef and cabbage. The frayed edge of a one-time choice centerpiece dangled carelessly over one corner of the marred and pitted dining room table. Mrs. Monahan's choice two-year-old infant was exercising his discordant vocal talent to the utmost in an adjacent backyard while Mrs. Monahan cooed, "Muzzer's ickle tweetie! Oo's jazz too dahlin' for words. Is oo having a dood time, puueshus?"

Miriam suddenly sat up. Once more hope surged through her. Hadn't the Employment Agency said that there might be an opening today? But, no, what was the use? She had been there so many times before, eagerly expectant, only to return crushed. But, perhaps, perhaps—they say if one tries—

She arose quickly and made her way into the hall, and donned her shabby hat and threadbare spring coat. After surveying herself in the hall mirror and regretting that she had no powder to dab on her shiny

nose, she made her way to the street and was soon threading her way among the pushing, impatient crowds. Men loitered everywhere; men clad in shabby suits with cigarette stumps dangling precariously from the corners of their mouths. Men standing in doorways, with faded hats pulled way down over their eyes. Men talking and swearing incoherently. Men rudely shoving and elbowing their way to their destination, and women with arms full of bargain-counter specials clutching their prizes greedily, women fugging their tired snuggly-faced children impatiently through the milling crowds. A red-faced, burly, policeman made his triumphal way among the struggling mass of humanity.

Half way up 12th Street, Miriam found herself thrust behind "One Of Those Socially Prominent Women" or as the French say, "Les Nouveaux Riches".

A lavishly furred sealskin coat slung to her generous figure with a vengeance. It was one of the most beautiful coats Miriam had ever had the privilege of seeing. The coat was patterned as only a French Patron could design it. A very chic hat was placed over one eye, looking somehow rakish, as above the well padded shoulders and fat, short neck of Madam. An enormous feather jutted from the back of her hat and sloped dejectedly downward almost resting on her pompous shoulder. In fact her whole attire shouted, "I came from 'Ye Parisienne Shoppe' on Fifth Avenue. Don't touch me; I cost 300 dollars."

Suddenly the waddling form before Miriam came to an abrupt stop before a glittering display in a shop window, to dab frantically at a wisp of hair that had oozed itself before Madam's heavily painted countenance. Down went a fat white hand into a bulging purse to rummage for a hair pin. As Madame pulled her hat out again, after prolonged fumbling, a piece of green paper fluttered to the pavement, unnoticed by all save Miriam, who had by this time caught up to the woman.

Miriam did the natural thing. She stooped and picked it up and opening it, she discovered it was a twenty dollar bill. Flanking her eyes in astonishment, she wondered if she were awake or was it just one of her fanciful illusions. Why—a twenty dollar bill was just what she needed. Oh! At last she would live again. She could see Franky's and Geraldine's eyes popping open with joy and excitement. They would eat again; they could keep the telephone for another month; they could pay half of the back rent; why, they could sit on top of the world with twenty dollars!

Stuffing the bill into her own scuffed purse she was about to retrace her steps when something within her prompted her to stop. Should she take this bill, despite the fact that she needed it so desperately? Was it right to take something you knew belonged to another person? What should she do? She needed the money, yes, but wouldn't it be better to know that she had gotten it honestly rather than by some under-handed method? Suddenly her doubts vanished and her determination to return the money to its owner overcame her. She was surprised at her own desire to keep the bill. Well, perhaps the woman would be generous and grateful enough to give her a reward for returning it. Turning and elbowing her way through the unfriendly, preoccupied crowd, she caught up with Madame. Just how should she approach her?

Would the woman understand that she had not taken the bill intentionally? Timidly touching her arm and holding out the bill in her trembling hand she offered her explanation.

"Lady, I saw you drop this down the street in front of Goldman's Shoe Store. I guess I was the only one who saw it fall because no one else stopped to pick it up. I thought I had better return it because you might miss it. You know twenty dollars is a lot of money in these hard times," she finished lamely.

The woman stopped abruptly, raised a white gold lorgnette to a pair of steel gray eyes, lifted her finely plucked eyebrows questioningly and condescended coldly, "Why didn't you give it to me before?" You say you found it in front of Goldman's? I see." Without even thanking Miriam she snatched the bill greedily from her hand and continued at a haughty gait down the street. Miriam was left gaping at the retreating figure.

Didn't people ever realize that others have feelings as well as themselves? Was it fair for some people to have everything and others nothing? It wasn't the fact that she hadn't been rewarded, but that woman, ungrateful as she was, hadn't even thanked her. Would such people ever learn their lesson through hard, bitter experience? It seemed to Miriam they wouldn't. She had remained immobile until an insolent noise brought her back to her senses by saying, "Say listen, Sister, park yourself somewhere else. Dere's people as wants ta use dis sidewalk as well as you, don't forget!"

Now what should she do? Her thoughts reverted to her original purpose of coming downtown. Why, the Employment Agency, of course, how foolish of her to have forgotten just because—because—

Within ten minutes she was in the Employment Agency.

All about her, faces were outlined against the finger marked walls. Lean faces that told of suffering, hunger, cold, bitter disappointments. Faces, hardened by the cruel blows Fate had dealt them. Faces that seemed eager, expectant, a trifle wistful. Greedy faces that gloated momentarily on some avaricious desire. Young faces, wrinkled and worried far beyond their years. Miriam waited patiently at almost the very end of the line. Directly ahead of her was a tall, thin woman with a pale child toddling beside her. The woman repeatedly sighed and nervously clutched at the child's hand. Did she, too, know the profound pangs of hunger? Was she another victim of the Depression? It seemed hours before she was finally confronted by the gruff man at the cage.

"Say, aint you the dame that come here yestiddy? Say, aint that a shame? That job what I spoke to you about come in this mornin' an' jus' five minutes ago it wuz filled."

Miriam turned slowly away. "Just five minutes ago it was filled," pounded incessantly in her confused brain.

When she reached the flat, Geraldine, a ten-year old living skeleton, greeted her downcast mother at the door. "Say, Mom, why 'n' cha buy somethin' for supper? My ribs are touching my back-bone. I'm so hungry."

"I know, Jerry, but what can I do? Did Mrs. Monahan pay you for taking care of Oswald?"

"Yeah, a measly fifty cents."

"Well go down to the butcher's and get a pound of hamburger steak, and a pound of butter," she directed listlessly.

Miriam slouched down in the farthest corner of the dingy sofa. From the flat downstairs came the wheezy gargle of a Victrola babbling, "I never had a chance."

Miriam wondered—had she?

She sighed dispiritedly and wondered why no tears came. Funny—she didn't seem to be able to cry any more.

—Grace Murphy.



FLOWERS

In a quiet, pleasant meadow,
Beneath the summer sky,
Where green old trees their branches waved
And winds went by.

Where a little brook went rippling
So musically low,
And passing clouds cast shadows
On the waving grass below.

Where low, sweet notes of brooding birds
Stole out in the fragrant air,
And golden sunlight shone undimmed
On all most fresh and fair.

There bloomed a little family
Of lovely little flowers.
All lived together in their home
Through the quiet summer hours.

No rude hands came to gather them,
No chilling winds to blight
Warm sunbeams smiled on them by day,
And soft dew fell at night.

So here, along the brook side,
Beneath the green old trees,
The flowers dwelt among their friends
The sunbeams and the breeze.

—Lillian Kaufman.

CLASS CALENDAR 1934-35

September 5—Hurray! School begins! Everyone is happy. That is, everyone except a few. When one of these was interviewed, he replied: "Oh, it's not the school but the principle of the thing that bothers me." (No offense to our principal.)

The students see the new geometry teacher. Have you noticed the slicked back hair on the boys?

September 20—The Senior Class' infant girls definitely put themselves in the limelight by wearing "kiddie" bows. Mr. LeGrow commented charmingly on the fad.

September 26—"Say, this after school business isn't all it's cracked up to be!"

September 30—Why the sudden decline in notewriting? Oh, Mr. LeGrow announced that he would publish all the notes he could lay his hands on!

October 5—Going up in the world! A school dance with a five-piece orchestra.

October 12—A bright Senior pronounced deaf "deef".

October 29—Another essay contest! The good old school spirit is dragged out of the moth balls again. Mr. Idleman exempted contestants from written English work for a month. Of course, all the "easiest-way-out" people entered.

November 5—Alas, we bid a sad adieu to our vice-president. Good luck, Louise!

November 22—The Seniors had a very heated debate in English class on the question of whether women are mentally equal to men. At the end, Mr. Idleman tactfully avoided choosing the winning side.

November 23—Another successful school dance.

November 24—Not many Seniors have started those essays yet. Procrastination is the thief of time!

December 3—During the assembly, one rather corpulent player suffered a great theatrical embarrassment. He appeared on the stage with a brand new mop on his head which represented a powdered wig. In the midst of a dramatic gesture, the wig left his head and gently floated to the floor. Did the audience howl!

December 22—Miss Naramore left us today.

January 2—We all welcomed back our Mr. Perkins today. Already that delightful little phrase, "Pick up the small pieces of paper," is echoing in our ears.

January 7—Mr. Knight was given the year book dedication.

February 3—Mr. Perkins has left us again. "We'll miss you, Mr. Perkins!"

February 19—Year Book pictures taken! "Kiddies," pose for the birdie!

March 21—Yearning Hawley Romeos gaze dreamily out the windows and compose love lyrics. It's spring again!

May 24—Prom night is here. Get out those evening gowns, girls, for the big social splash!

June 13—Congratulations are flying around. Seniors are at last in Hall. Seniors are going through the "preliminary" pace for graduation.

June 14—Congratulations are flying around. Seniors are at last clutching those elusive diplomas.

Irving Arnold
Doris Mercer
Myrtle Ingraham



SENIORS' OPINIONS ON THE WORLD AT LARGE

The blank forms that were handed us
We've all filled out at last,
And these opinions following
Are of the Senior Class.

Upon the best as cinemas
We just cannot agree,
For "Gay Divorcee" got two votes—
And "Little Women" three.

Divided as the winds that blow
Upon the issue grave,
We could not make a final choice
Our very souls to save.

From "College Rhythm", hot and sweet,
To "Baby, Take a Bow",
Each made his choice, nor would recant
Little Senior, What now?

Of actors, Mr. Franchot Tone
The girls agreed was best,
Then Powell, and Cooper, and Arliss came
Ahead of all the rest.

The boys, we found, did not accord,
As to a single queen.
With Gaynor, and Crawford, and Keeler, too—
The reason can be seen.

Why boys what can the matter be
Where have you lost your zest
How come you cast your votes for these?
What's happened to Mae West?

Now comes the choice of popular songs
The class went on a lark,
Out of the huddle came two lone votes
For "Two Cigarettes in the Dark".

Jack Benny seems to have the touch
It takes to make us laugh,
While Penner and Cantor and "Goo Goo, the duck"
Are others who stood the gaff.

In drama Soconyland rates number one,
And Lux is number two.
We hope you use the products as
The sponsors tell you to.

In music it's no other than
The U. S. Navy Band,
The Casa Loma coming next—
And that Lombardo man.

"A lot of Huey," answered some,
"Is our choice for the best,"
But F. D.'s series of "Fireside Chats"
Was tops for all the rest.

"Thumbs down on crooners," cried a few
But not by far the class,
For Kate Smith garnered four lone votes
While Crosby won "en masse".

Next, they asked us, like this stuff
Called modernistic art?
And of us only five said "yes";
The rest replied, "What art?"

It's "silly" and it's "terrible",
"Absurd" as it can be,
And "if I knew just what it meant
It might mean more to me."

Then came the vote on streamline cars—
The vote was largely "yea",
For Seniors mostly look ahead,
A few the other way.

The President is good some say—
To others he is bad,
He's doing just the best he can
Less would make us sad.

The New Deal, so it seems to us
Is just an alphabet soup,
That spells for some the rainbow's end
And some, a case of croup.

Comes next the question of Social Reform
It's hopeless; we can't agree,
For your reform must benefit you,
And mine must benefit me.

Who in the world of politics
Stands out the most today?
Roosevelt, or Hitler, or Italian Duce
We really ought not say.

But, fourteen answered, "Roosevelt",
For Hitler there were two,
And Mussolini took the rest—
A single one must do.

We find we're most all Pacifists
Except for one or two,
The boys swear they would not enlist—
The girls are with them too.

And now on our hobbies we must tell,
The girls say, "Read or hike?"
No, No, No, a thousand times, no!"
Their hubbies are what they like!

The boys, on the other hand, we find
Wrote this in highest glee,
"Our favorite hobbies are the girls."
Why boys, how sweet of thee.

For sports the girls all like to swim
That's easy; they're all wet.
And football, from a sheltered stand,
A second place did net.

That baseball is their favorite
Most of the boys agree,
And football holds down number two
And soccer number three.

Above the clouds we love to soar
But pocket books say, "No,"
So back to trains with soot and smells
And, oh, so very slow.

The modern girl is far ahead
The Seniors all agree,
Of those who wore their belts so tight
And skirts that swept so free.

We've been asked all sorts of questions
Which we've answered faithfully,
And we've followed all suggestions
In writing this poetry.

We hope you have enjoyed this
As you read our answers thru
We tried to make them honest
As 'twas possible to do.

—Eleanor Waterhouse and Sanborn Williams

THE CLASS PROPHECY

"Reunion of the Class of 1935," declared a blatant red and white sign which blazed before my eyes over the door of the Hawley High School. Being a reporter for the local newspaper, my "nose for news" was immediately aroused to action. Here was material for my feature article in the next edition.

I sauntered leisurely up the walk. Such a variety of individuals was entering the building. It looked more like an assemblage of the league of nations than a high school class.

In the auditorium the group rivaled the violent section of an insane asylum in noise and general confusion. Evidently the class had not lost its highly developed and remarkable talent for causing disturbances which had made them so famous in 1935.

Being a native of Newtown, I knew all the members of the class. I decided to try to identify them. A high soprano giggle which proceeded up the scale from low C with amazing agility immediately identified Elizabeth Young. Miss Young, as I gathered from her conversation, was now a successful high-wire and trapeze artist. She was describing some of her hair-raising experiences and accompanying the descriptions with dramatic and agitated gestures which caused her to gasp audibly for breath. Her audience consisted of a tall blond person with a withering glare who proved to be Grace Murphy and who had become an indispensable advocate of feminism and women's rights. She was stuffing with a superior and skeptical air at the frivolous occupation of Miss Young.

In one corner, almost obscured by the piano, a small dark man was surveying the company with piercing black eyes which glared from under bristling eyebrows. This figure had assumed a Napoleonic pose and mumbled to himself. Of course this was none other than Comrade Irving Arnold, head of the Radical party of America who was famous for his cartoons published in the leading papers condemning capitalism. "Down with Capitalism," shouted Comrade Arnold when I asked him for a statement.

In the center of the room, attracting great attention, was a girl dressed in a frilly pink gown and holding a fluffy white poodle in her arms. With a gasp I realized that this was none other than the famous Rose Darling, otherwise Rose Palocovitch, who was known from coast to coast as the "Little girl with the curl." Rose was talking in cooing baby talk to her press-agent, Julius Rosenberg, a stout, pompous man with an ear-to-ear grin, smoking a huge black cigar which was almost suffocating the delicate Miss Darling. Beside the actress, dressed in an ultra-modern tailor-made suit and twisting his immaculate little mustache while he looked about with a bored air, was her fifth husband, Broadway's newest matinee idol, James Campbell, who was known as the "Ideal Husband".

In another corner a group of people were listening to a wildly gesticulating woman in a mannish suit who, with a deliberent air of finality, was explaining that she stood for the rights of the people. This was the honorable Carolyn Kelcee, "The people's choice" for Congresswoman from Connecticut. Among her listeners was Myrtle Ingraham,

the overworked editor of the "Lonely Hearts Column" of the "Daily Broadcaster", who was grimacing horribly at the words of Miss Kelcey as she vainly tried to keep her gangling legs from getting entangled in one another. Still another listener was a very haughty looking woman with her nose tilted high in the air. This was Doris Mercer, L.L.D., whose highly successful book, "Russia, the True Utopia", had brought her world wide fame and criticism.

Presently two tall figures strode into the room and gave the group an abstracted glance. Everyone's mouth fell open. Why these two persons were the famous scientists, Dr. John Williams and Dr. George Erb, whose advancement of a new theory which was even harder to understand than Einstein's had taken the world by storm! When I approached them to ask how they had ever accomplished such mental feats they modestly brushed aside my words with a nonchalant, "Oh, it was nothing".

Among the admirers of these two was a very tanned and freckled woman, Clara Ruffles, who at present was on her vacation from Africa where she was a missionary. Miss Ruffles, one of the speakers of the day, said she was going to tell of her adventures among the cannibals when she was captured and almost used as the "pièce de resistance" in a beef stew.

Seated on the benches along the side of the wall were three men dressed in lead checkered suits and smoking corn cob pipes while they chatted about pigs, cows, and chickens. Of course these were New Town's leading farmers who had been the first to adopt the new system of national farming whereby they were paid not to raise cows, pigs, and chickens. These boys Eric Person, Francis Bresson and John Leibold, were evidently talking about the cows, pigs, and chickens which they planned not to raise next year. Sitting next to John Leibold was a very neat, quiet woman with folded hands. This was Ruth Leibold, a very efficient mathematics teacher now. Ruth seemed to be bored by her brother's patter about chickens and cows but was listening to it with infinite patience.

The meeting was to be presided over by Eleanore Waterhouse whose distinguished position as a linguist, author and editor had caused her to be named "The woman with the million dollar vocabulary".

As the meeting was about to open, two breathless women rushed into the portals of Hawley School in a very undignified manner with their hats tilted at a ridiculous angle. In faint gasps they apologized for being late. The first, who was identified as Betty Barr, explained that she had given a party for her Sunday School class and the kiddies had taken too long to eat their ice cream. The second, Anna Gumberg, now a professional basketball player, explained that she had been giving the Hawley coach a few pointers on the game and had overlooked the time.

The only absences I noted were those of Elsie Bradbury, Charles Mercer and Helen Seltis. Elsie Bradbury called up later and explained carefully that her youngest son had swallowed a dime and she had been trying to get it out all afternoon to use as carfare to the reunion.

Helen Soltis, a prim school marm, now telephoned and said that she had to read a section from Macbeth to the P.T.A. and simply couldn't come. Then, heartily reprimanding Shakespeare for having been born, she hung up. Of course Charles Mercer, the great dare-devil motorcycle and racing car driver, couldn't possibly have been present for he was in the Bridgeport Hospital recovering from a fractured skull and other injuries incurred when he tried to drive his racer through the grandstand at the Danbury Fair.

At last, having gotten my material and statements from all the famous people present, I rushed out of the noisy madhouse into the quiet outdoors to write my story. What copy the story would make, for who would have thought that such eminent persons would have arisen from the ashes of the Class of '35.

—Myrtle Ingraham.

A TREE

A tree is like a vain young girl
In a gown of airy green lace,
Who gazes all day in a mirror of blue
At her lovely arms and face.

—Myrtle Ingraham.

TREES

The trees are bony hands
Clutching at skies;
Snow chilled,
They blow upon their fingertips
For warmth.

—James Campbell and Irving Arnold.

WOMEN

(As it would be written by a member of the opposite sex.)

Women? Well women are certainly jokes.
They've taken our haircuts,
They've taken our smokes,
They've stolen our trousers,
They've stolen our coats,
They've purloined our politics,
Purloined our votes,
They've crowded our restaurants, lodges, and clubs;
And they've rubbed it all in—
With a lot of hard rubs.
They're gaining control
Of our jobs and our games—
And we've nothing much left—
But whiskers and names.
So it's evident quite—
Yes, as plain as can be—
That the she of the species
Is worse than the he.

—Helen Soltis.

THE CLASS WILL

We, the Class of '35,
Being glad to be alive,

At the end of our education
Make with pleasure, this donation.

First to our Alma Mater dear—
Fresh success from year to year.

Second to the Junior class—
The sincere wish that all will pass.

To Mr. LeGrow, our principal,
An intelligent girl to ring the bell.

To Mr. Harkin, a baseball team
That his coaching in victory will redeem.

To Mr. Idleman, a class select
To make "Lincoln" part of their intellect.

To Miss Culhane, a step ladder high,
From which she may glare with scornful eye.

To Mr. Harkin, a class which will come
With at least a quarter of its homework done.

To Miss McCarthy, some student quite bright,
Who will study Biology with all his might.

Our list of teachers is finished now,
And to our classmates we make our bow.

To them, the following items we leave
With the sincere hope they will please:

To Eleanor Holcomb, so noisy and gay,
Ruth Leibold's calm and peaceful way.

To Fred Harasymczuk, a non-athlete,
John Leibold's prowess with hands and feet.

To Amy Mayer with cheeks so white
Grace Murphy's natural color bright.

And quiet Lillian Krohn could use
Some of Beth Young's giggling coos.

To Henry Mitchell of girl-shy flushes
We leave Jimmy Campbell's school boy blushes.

— THE BUGLE —

To Louis Unger, in Math so lame,
We leave John Williams' arithmetical fame.

To Beatrice Downs of conservative delights
We leave Miss Mercer's radical flights.

To Susie Cole, in talent so rich,
The twinkling toes of Rose Pallocovitch.

To little George Stessel, who does his best,
We leave Rosenberg's great frame at its best.

Now to the end of our list we have come.
Please forgive us for missing some.
We'll never forget each smile and sigh,
That we've left behind us at Hawley High.

Before our witnesses we now will sign
This will of uneven rhythm and rhyme.
Signed

The Seniors.



PROFESSIONAL PECULIARITIES

The faculty are here portrayed,
For whom the best of us have stayed.
Know them you will without their name—
Their actions constitute their fame.

Almost before the class begins
To every pupil's great chagrin,
*"I'll see those pupils after school
Who want to play and laugh and fool."*

*"This is no place for playing ball.
I tell you this, for after all,
I'm here to see that you do right
If I have to keep you here all night."*

*"This office is opened for work.
Don't let me see one of you shirk.
Why do you e're make me repeat,
Young lady, take your rightful seat."*

The sayings recorded above
Are sayings that our teachers love.
There are a great many more.
We pupils hear them o'er and o'er.

One teacher says with such a frown
*"A half-baked answer, please sit down.
You ought to know that that's not right.
I'll see you here at three tonight."*

—Martha Rockwell.

CLASS ELECTIONS

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Most Studious Girl | Myrtle Ingraham |
| Most Studious Boy | George Erb |
| Cutest Girl | Rose Pallocovitch |
| Most Handsome Boy | James Campbell |
| Most Popular Girl | Rose Pallocovitch |
| Most Popular Boy | Charles Mercer |
| Biggest Bluffer | Julius Rosenberg |
| Noisiest Girl | Beth Young |
| Noisiest Boy | Julius Rosenberg |
| Most Sarcastic Girl | Doris Mercer |
| Most Sarcastic Boy | Julius Rosenberg |
| Best Natured | Clara Ruffles |
| Best All Around Girl Athlete | Anna Gomberg |
| Best All Around Boy Athlete | Charles Mercer |
| Class Baby | Grace Murphy |
| Class Giggler | Elizabeth Young |
| Man Hater | Helen Soltis |
| Woman Hater | John Williams |
| Teacher's Pet | Carolyn Kelcec |
| Best All Round Sport | Doris Mercer |
| Biggest Flirt | Rose Pallocovitch |
| Done Most For School | Eleanor Waterhouse |
| Neatest Girl | Ruth Leibold |
| Neatest Boy | Francis Bresson |
| Quietest Girl | Elsie Bradbury |
| Quietest Boy | Eric Person |
| Class Heroine | Helen Cullen |
| Class Hero | Jerome Gooseman |
| Most Dignified | Betty Burr |
| Most Radical Girl | Doris Mercer |
| Most Radical Boy | Irving Arnold |
| Most Cheerful | John Leibold |
| Tallest | Myrtle Ingraham |
| Shortest | Francis Bresson |
| Class Chatterbox | Rose Pallocovitch |

A WATER JOURNEY AT SUNRISE

First Prize—Morris Essay Contest—1934

When the first rays of the sun tinged the tops of the neighboring hills with gold, I stepped into my skiff and floated out upon the sluggish waters of the stream. Above me stood the weathered arch of the gas-used railroad. Its soft grey stones forming a distinct contrast to the sky above, gilded with the sun's glow. I allowed myself to drift slowly, slowly, down the stream. On either side the level pastures stretched away to the hills. In the distance once towers of a lime-kiln thrust their dusky noses to the sky. Ah, I heard the swamp with its immense cypresses towering to the open blue where the weeping willows seemed to tell their sorrows to the untroubled waters.

I approached the swamp slowly and steadily. Tall, stiff, marsh grass began to appear along the banks, scattered swamp alders with their enerald foliage threw over hanging pale arcs on the damp, lustrous surface of the stream. The rays of the rising sun penetrated the gloomy water and painted the depths with splendor.

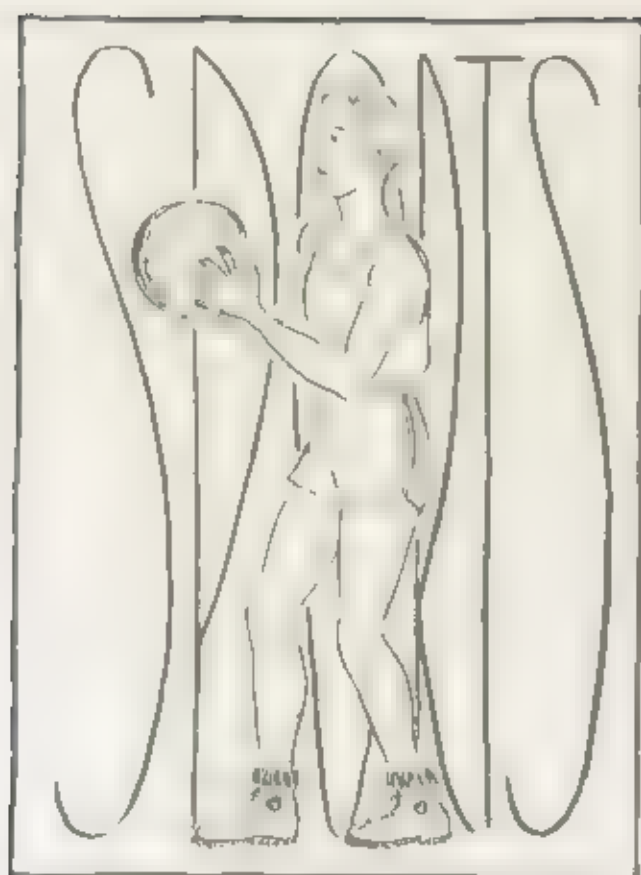
The birds twittered in the bushes. A red-wing blackbird teetered on a last year's cat tail. From a mossy cane the raucous call of a crow. Murrows darted silver on the golden water. I ached among the trailing fingers of the weeping willow when my shadow fell upon them, shot away to the dark retreats under the bank.

As I drifted into the swamp, the stream grew deeper and narrower. At last, in a shaded spot guarded by two massive willows it divided into five small brooks, meandering aimlessly here and there a few feet away to unite again on the other side. I guided my boat into the edge of a stream barely a yard wide with low green banks. From foot straight down the stately staves of great grey cypresses thickened to and fro in the dusky depths. From a thicket, a muskrat looked up from his feeding to water me with heavy eyes, undecided whether to sway and munch his tender shoots or to dive down his burrow.

The shadows deepened as I advanced farther into the swamp. The bank became walls of marsh grass, topped by alder, cypress and willow, which interlocked to form a few feet above the murmured water. Soon the brook widened into a pool. I picked up a pole from the bottom of my boat and pushed the bow into the marsh grass, which slowly parted, revealing a small muddy bay. Smooth and silent the boat slid through the grass and came to rest in the over-acting twilight and silence of the swamp. The grass closed behind me with a swish.

The murmuring of the stream and all the other voices of the daytime ceased abruptly as the door of the swamp swung shut after me. I was received and engulfed by the vast solitude of the swamp.

—Sanborn Williams.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Another basketball season having come to a close, we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Harkin, who has faithfully instructed us during the past season. Although the team has not been entirely successful in winning all games, they have gained much in team cooperation and sportsmanship. Our capable Captain, Anna Garberg, as well as Ruth Leibold and Myrtle Ingraham, will be sadly missed next year. However, they wish to extend their best wishes to their successors.

The Season's Record

| | |
|------------|----------------|
| Newtown 13 | New Milford 15 |
| Newtown 32 | Woodbury 20 |
| Newtown 28 | Washington 32 |
| Newtown 35 | Bethel 22 |
| Newtown 18 | New Milford 22 |
| Newtown 19 | Woodbury 20 |
| Newtown 30 | Washington 18 |
| Newtown 30 | Bethel 27 |



BOYS' BASKETBALL

The year was not very successful from a won and lost point of view; but if the ardor and spirit of a team mean anything, the season was not wasted.

"Bill" Leahy, a former Newtown High star, coached our team this year and we must say that he did an excellent job as can be seen by the constantly improving scores. Our ill luck must be attributed to the fact that we were greatly hurt by the loss of two players by injury. One of these managed to get into our last few games and the scores of these games were very close.

From what we saw of the performance of Sophomores, Freshmen and Juniors, we feel that the '35-'36 team will be highly successful. Best wishes for a more successful season next year from,

The Seniors.

| Scores | | | |
|------------|----------------|----|--|
| Newtown 11 | Danbury Trade | 29 | |
| Newtown 17 | New Milford | 41 | |
| Newtown 16 | Woodbury | 10 | |
| Newtown 14 | Washington | 33 | |
| Newtown 9 | Bethel | 25 | |
| Newtown 16 | Danbury Trade | 17 | |
| Newtown 18 | New Milford | 46 | |
| Newtown 31 | Woodbury | 15 | |
| Newtown 20 | Washington | 28 | |
| Newtown 18 | Bethel | 34 | |
| Newtown 22 | Newtown Alumni | 24 | |

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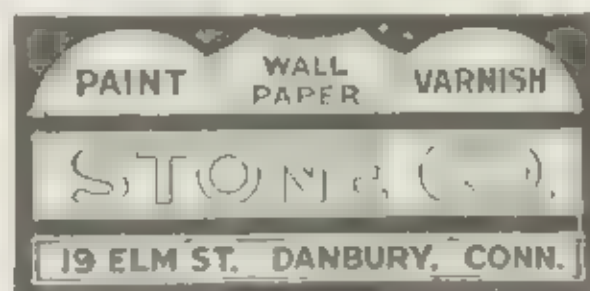
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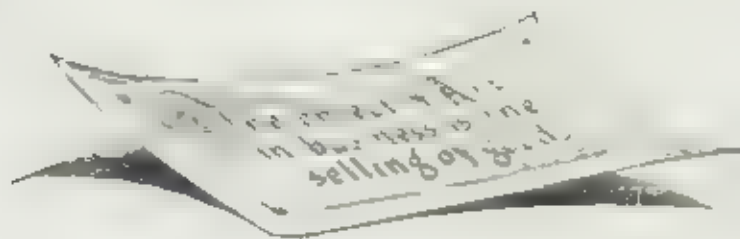
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